

He continued his slow pace, without their perceiving him, till he got up close to them, when our little moralists instantly got up. Amintor made the best bow he was able, and Florella her best courtesy. "So, my pretty little dears," (said Mr. Stubbs) "I see you are reading your book like good children. How many little books have you got?" "This is the only one we have, Sir," (replied Amintor) "and I and my sister have read it so often, that we can almost say it by heart."

Mr. Stubbs then took the book, and asked them several questions out of it, to which they gave such answers as greatly surprised him. Here, my sweet children, (said Mr. Stubbs, taking a little book out of his pocket) is a little story book, which I will lend you till to-morrow, and if you then read me one of them prettily, I will lend it to you till you shall have read the whole out."

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As soon as Mr. Stubbs, Amintor and his sister set down the book, in order that they might be perfect in their lesson against again the next day, which he did, and enquired of our little dears what progress they had made in their lesson. Amintor replied, that he could read it tolerably well if he pleased, he would try. Mr. Stubbs then desiring him to proceed, as follows.

"A pretty little boy had a fortune to have a very bad father. His temper was very furly and peevish. He who took no manner of heed of his children, cared not how they were brought up, nor minded what they went into. It is therefore no wonder that the boy learned bad habits. He followed the example of his father, and was in some measure to be pitied. Had he been taught better, he

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